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The Austrian Offensive.
It is too early yet to say that the Austro-Hungarian offensive against Italy is definite failure. The new drive has developed sufficiently, however, to indicate one fact of supreme importance. That fact is that the present Austrian blow lacks the power of the drive that expelled the Italians from the Isonzo, across the Tagliamento and the Livorno to the line of the Piave last autumn.

It is quite within the range of possibility that Field Marshal Boroevic will make some gains in the concentrated movement for which preparations have been carried on since early spring. There is small probability, however, that his gains will reach the proportions of the reverses which he inflicted upon the Italians last fall. Indeed, it would not be at all astonishing if the offensive now undertaken by Austria-Hungary were turned into a defensive by the allied Italian, French and British forces, to which American units have now been joined.

The reason for the weakness of the Austrians is not far to seek. In both divisions of the dual monarchy political affairs have reached a degree of unrest that confronts the governments of Vienna and of Budapest, and the house of Hapsburg back of them both, with problems too serious to be solved by the ordinary constitutional formulas. The Austro-Hungarian crisis has passed out of the phase of political action. The employment of military force, made possible by the declaration of martial law in several localities in both Austria and Hungary, is now apparently the sole resort of the Hapsburg monarchy.

The necessity of using force at home, says the New York Evening Mail, or at least of keeping it where it can be quickly made available, has prevented, in all likelihood, the concentration of as great a military power on the Italian line as was the case last year.

On the other hand, there is every reason to believe that the Italian defense is stronger than it was at the moment when Boroevic launched his powerful blow, re-enforced by German troops, last year. Italy has recovered with remarkable rapidity and completeness from the demoralizing effects of the reverses of 1917, and also from the disintegrating influence of the political propaganda, directed from Berlin and Vienna, that prepared the way for that movement. Italy is now more completely united, better organized and better equipped than ever. Her own resources in men and in military genius have been re-enforced by French, British and American troops and commanders.

The Big Fight.
Eugene V. Debs, one of the best known of New World Socialists, still opposes civilization's great war against Kaiserism and still bases his opposition, according to reports of his speech to Ohio Socialists, upon the fact that there are autocrats and profiteers in this country and because there is in the hearts of some Americans, British and French a "desire for plunder."
Debs and his kind are still at it. They are still keeping their eyes so closely upon the profiteer, the reactionary and the captain of privilege at home that they cannot see the horrible fire sweeping over from the land of the world's most rapacious of profiteers, the most stand-pat of reactionaries and the most greedy captain of privilege, Germany's autocracy.

When Debs says that the "purpose of the allies is the same as the purpose of the central powers—plunder," Debs lies! Only a liar or a fool could believe that Serbia resisted Austria for plunder; that Belgium resisted the Hun invaders for plunder; that Britain sacrificed the flower of her citizenry when Belgium was ravaged—for plunder; that France has bled for nearly four years—for plunder; that the United States, forced into the war by German murder and piracy upon the high seas, by German crimes and plots on our own soil, by German slaying of American citizens, went into the war for plunder. Debs isn't a fool. Therefore he must be a liar.

Debs right now is doing more to aid the Hun Kaiser than all the pro-German Germans in America. He is of greater assistance to the boches in France than are the Turks, Bulgarians and the Austrians. His Canton speech even now being spread broadcast through all Germany and all German trenches will kill more American soldiers than all German submarines that hunt for American transport ships. For Debs' words will be used in Germany to persuade the Germans on to greater sacrifice and greater cruelty, because they will believe that America is not in this war to win—that Debs voices the sentiments of a large portion of our population.

He voices the sentiment of a very few, some of whom already are in prison and all of whom should be there and probably will. Yes, there are profiteers in this country. There are men who would plunder. There are men who would rob graves. There are men who prey upon the weaker. There are those who wax fat upon special privilege. There are autocrats among us.

There are profiteers, autocrats and special privilege seekers in the ranks of the Socialist party, probably fewer there than in other political parties because it is a small minority party.
There are profiteers, autocrats and special privilege seekers in all organizations of human beings, in churches, clubs, in all places where human beings dwell.
They should be fought. They should be torn up by the root and cast out. All right thinking persons agree upon that. Debs and his ilk are not alone in opposition to human pirates that prey.
But at this particular time the house of civilization is on fire. Flames are leaping high and higher. The whole fabric of liberty and democracy is threatened. There is nothing in all the world so important as this—this raging westward from the Rhine. Beside that fire all petty squabbles over reactionary politics, petty profiteering and Wall Street bankers pale into insignificance.
After we have beaten the Hun we easily enough

can take care of the profiteer and the home grown variety of autocrat. But if the Hun beats us we can do nothing—but submit to the inordinate greed of the Berlin brand of profiteers and the savage brutality of the Potsdam autocrat.
The big fight we have to fight is the one against these, not against the puny profiteers and autocrats in our midst. The nation must direct the whole power of its forces against the bayonets and bombs of the Germans. Any person who interferes with the delivering of that blow aids the enemy, and by the same token is a disloyal American and a traitor. There are two places, in either of which these war-obstructionists rightly belong. One is Germany, the other is a penitentiary.
In either place Eugene V. Debs would be of less assistance to the Kaiser than while enjoying the rights and privileges of American citizenship.

We Are Saving.
One thing this war has brought home to Americans is that we must save more money, and that more of us must save of our earnings than was done before the war. We must save, not only for ourselves, but for the perpetuation of civilization and the honor of our country. In other days many postponed the acquiring of the saving habit because they saw no "rainy day" close at hand.

Now, however, all is different, and every American knows that he must save of his money so that there may be no "rainy day" of defeat for our cause. This has been proven in the liberty loan campaigns, the thrift stamp drives and gifts for war charities. We have invested several billion dollars of our savings to win the war. But that has not interfered with our own personal "rainy day" saving efforts.
"Deposits in our savings banks have been on the increase, so that today these combined deposits represent \$10,000,000 more than the entire amount of actual money in the United States," says Myron T. Herrick, who has spent years persuading people into thrifty pathways.

We observe that the Huns manifest no desire to "tell it to the (American) Marines."

A niche high and glorious in time's hall of fame is rightly deserved by the American Marines.

Did you ever hear the Fable of the ten ants? Well, the tenants labored that the landlord might raise the rent. Did he do it? NO! That's what makes this a FABLE!

When the Hun meets a foe who gives him more than an ordinarily good beating, his mind immediately reverts to Hades.

Thus he called the Scotch Highlanders, clad in their kilts, "The Ladies from Hell." He dubbed the gallant French Alpine Chasseurs, "The Blue Devils." And he has nicknamed our own dashing American Marines "Devil Dogs."

A Letter to the Editor.
Here is a letter full of food for thought. We print it with the hope that it will find a response in Congress:
Editor The Washington Herald:
Being a constant reader of The Herald I have read with interest your editorial about the city firemen. What about the watchmen of the Treasury Department?
I have been a watchman there for twenty years for the sum of \$66 per month. With the raise we got a year ago I have been trying to buy a liberty bond on the installment plan. I have contributed to the Red Cross and have a sick wife to increase expenses.
We are required to work seven days a week, holidays included, for the richest government on earth. Here is a sample of prices one has to pay now: Lamb chops, 65 cents per pound; butter, 50 cents; sausage, 35 cents; bacon, 48 cents; lard, 30 cents; cheese, 30 cents; coal \$10 a ton.
The government should pay its watchmen higher wages; we must live. It is well we have an almshouse and a potter's field.
Please say a word in our behalf. Ask why we don't get a day a week to spend with our families, like the watchmen in the other departments are getting. We are called on for everything; understand now we must buy thrift stamps. Give us the price of meat once a month in our wages. A dollar of fifty years ago is worth only about 25 cents today.

A WATCHMAN.
Observations.
As if there wasn't more than enough talking in Congress already, an Ohio fellow named Speaks announces his candidacy.
Have you noticed how proudly his father says, "My son is 'over there'?"
The war garden that produces but one crop this year is but a fifty per cent effort.
War savings stamps bought now will keep the wolf from many a door in 1923—and the Hun, too!
Henry Ford, if elected, will carry a lot of common sense to the Senate, including his opinion that the foundation, walls and roof of this republic are the common people.

Pockets for the Government.
The movement of the government toward a conservation of wool through the curtailment of masculine pockets should not be greatly disturbing. Economy and the trend of the times now make many pockets as useless as the vermiform appendix.
Why should a man have five pockets in his trousers, six in his vest, and the same number in his coat? Legislation has put the pistol pocket out of business, and from Southern States the flask has vanished.
Except for decorative purposes woman rarely has more than one pocket in her gown, and in most cases none. There are religious sects which abhor pockets and even buttons, yet they seem to prosper.
Three outside coat pockets is the number set forth in the best request, which is a very moderate demand. What we should all do is to help fill Uncle Sam's one big pocket so that he can wallop the Kaiser in the quickest possible time.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Lafayette.
Fair lilies of France in a garden grew,
With a sky overhead of heavenly blue;
The stars twinkling on through the red rays of
Proclaimed to the world a new nation was born.
Brave lilies of France, so straight and so strong,
Stood by our side at Liberty's dawn.
"Mes camarades!" they cried, "we are sailing from France,
Lafayette, men and money your cause to advance."
Sad lilies of France lay bleeding and faint
"Neath the heel of the Hun and his viperous taint.
"Mes camarades!" they cried, and that cry, like a wave,
Reached the "land of the free and the home of the brave."
Oh, lilies of France, stand strong as of yore!
"Vos Amis" have sailed; will soon reach your shore.
The Stars and the Bars will soon the Hun dear;
Vive la France, Marseillaise, "Lafayette, we are here!"
—Emma Rawlings Keeler.

TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN By DWIG.
Hers buried right here, Joe, beneath this old tree, on the very spot where he killed your big Tom cat last summer. Gosh but that was a purty fight!
Say! Cent you never quit braggin' about that fight? Tom was sick, I tell you! Any old dog could a-killed a sick cat! I don't think Billie was such a wonderful dog—why didn't he whup Charlie Moon's dog? Huh? What did he run home with his tail between his legs for? Huh?
Billie
Damon and Pythias

HEARD UNDER THE DOME
There seems to us to be one very equitable form of taxation which has thus far received scant attention at the hands of State lawmakers, but which in the future promises to be widely recognized by both lawmakers and citizens generally.
This is the income tax system. It is founded on the fair principle of taxation according to ability to pay—and the amount of income men receive is taken as the basis for the levy against him.
Strictly speaking, there are two sorts of income—earned and unearned. The former comes from the efforts of the citizen himself—the latter from his investments and the work of his money.
Manifestly the latter class of income should be taxed heavier than the other, for the taxpayer's efforts are not behind it, and it would not necessarily be cured if he were to become too ill for active participation in business.
General recognition of the income tax principle years ago in this nation would have made it easier to impose the system upon the country now. Moreover, it would have been possible from the additional years of experience and operation, to have evolved a very complete formula under which it could be worked out with unerring precision in the cases of all classes of persons and all individuals.
In consequence of our disdain for this system, there are parts of it we must impose upon our people just now with more or less force, and with the result that there are many objectors to the system who feel they are being inequitably taxed. And, in fact, there are apt to be some manifest wrongs done in the hurried construction of such a system. But, on the whole, the system promises to be generally approved, when its ready adaptability to the unusual conditions surrounding war.
Antiquated tax systems of the country give one the impression who reviews them that little gain has been made in many years. The forms of taxation are many and varied. Tax schedules in many of the States contain long lists of items which hardly have the least connection with the ability of a taxpayer to bear the public burden. Scores of articles are listed, of a tangible and intangible nature, which are completely forgotten when the taxpayers make their accounts to the tax officials.
Acceleration in the matter of amendment of State tax laws must come from the Federal government. It is not the first time, by any means, that such reforms have originated with the larger government. The gain will be worth much to the States and there will be many inequities disposed of when the new forms of taxation are imposed.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.
By John Kendrick Bangs.
THE OPTIMIST.
No foolish optimist was he Who was so blind he could not see The evil and the squalid strife That enters into human life. But he'd the gift of Hope and Cheer, And Eye for Good so clean and clear That even the darkest day He never failed to find the light. Up from the troubled gloom of night To the invigorating light— And having found the path to good He blazoned it as best he could. That other men might freely share The blessings of escape from care. (Copyright, 1918.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald.
I believe if I tried, I could go out. Almost any morning. And catch a submarine. In the New York harbor. Before breakfast. I'm a regular fish. When I get in water. And King George ought to make me. Commander of the Bath. You know how it is. On Saturday night. When you get in the tub. And reach for the soap. And it slips to the bottom. And you grope around. And get hold of it. And just when you have it. Floating on the top. It makes a nose dive. And you swear softly. And go after it again. And miss it. And then decide. Not to bathe anyway. Well this has been. Going on with me since. I began bathing regularly. About a year ago. And I've studied Jiu-jitsu. And strangle holds. And they all failed. But I found a way. Just now there isn't. A bar of soap living. That can escape me. If I am in good trim. I have not missed. In five weeks. And the last time. I stood on one foot. And did the trick. It's all in the way you do it. Don't try to choke soap. Nothing is so fatal. Just sneak up quietly. Like you were. Picking a pocket. And talk soothingly. And if it acts scared. Stroke it a few times. Then at the right moment. Just pick it up. Careless like. That is all. There is to it. It is very simple.

SOAP AND FERTILIZER FROM DEAD LOCUSTS
Locusts are plentiful in Uruguay, and the farmers of that republic are compelled to keep up a constant war against them. Millions of these destructive insects are killed every year. Recently it was learned that soap, fertilizer and lubricating oil may be obtained from the dead locusts, and in the future they will be utilized for that purpose.—Popular Science Monthly.

Correct Clothes for Young Folk.
The designers of children's clothes give just as much thought and attention to bringing out styles which are appropriate to the type and age of the small wearer as to those fashions created for their elders. Mothers nowadays are studying their children more, and the result is that the majority of children are suitably dressed, for the fashion of dressing little girls up in many ruffles and yards of ribbons and little boys in befringed suits has long since passed. Simplicity is the rule today, and the smart, tailored styles are found to suit many children perfectly, while other types look better in the quaint styles which the designers introduced in The Mother's Magazine.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.
IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, 2 MILE WHEN YOU SAY IT

No Advance in Price
MOTHERS
Keep the family free from colds by using
VICK'S VAPORUB
50c, 75c, \$1.00

Let Trench Lice Bite Them That Fevers May Be Cured
Sacrifice of Sixty-six American Soldiers, Who Submit to Medical Test, Is Praised By Secretary Baker.

Sixty-six members of the American expeditionary forces voluntarily bared their backs to the "cooties" or trench lice behind the British lines in January and as a result today the secret of trench fever is known to medical science, according to an announcement from the Secretary of War yesterday.
In the medical annals of the war these sixty-six are heroes, as truly as though they had "gone over the top." Their achievement is ranked with the work of Walter Reed, who also directed a fever squad from the army in detecting the cause of yellow fever.
Trench fever has raged among the armies on the West front and, while probably never fatal, yet through its recurrent attacks has represented one of the greatest causes of disabilities and consequent loss of man power. It may leave its victims permanently unfit for military service, but in any event the average loss of time to each man is about six months.
The cootie, friend of the lowly and highest alike, naturally was suspected as the one who had free admission to every costume and its wearer. So the Medical Corps collected a lot of personal cooties from the bodies of trench fever patients and turned them loose on the sixty-six.
Of twenty-two so bitten, twelve developed the disease, while four bitten by lice from healthy men (oh yes, a man can be healthy and have lice, and perfectly presentable in the best drawing-rooms, too) did not develop the fever. Eight other volunteers, living under exactly the same conditions in the same hospital wards, except that they were kept free from lice, did not develop the disease. The fever developed in five to twenty days after blood inoculation, but required from fifteen to thirty to develop when transmitted via the cootie route. And the victims in most cases lost twenty to twenty-five pounds and have spent much of the time since last January in a British hospital in bed.

Animals Wouldn't Do.
American medical science attacked this problem immediately on the arrival of the expeditionary forces in Europe. The problem presented two angles: Was the disease caused by germs, and if so, how was it spread? Attempts to use animals to solve these were failures. No animals susceptible to the disease could be found. The "cooties" would not nest in the fuzzy mane of the Missouri mule, even though the bray had been surgically removed, nor in the long hair of the French poodle, though the hair was so fuzzy and tangled as to protect it from the yapping teeth of the animal.
Volunteers were called for, and the sixty-six bared their backs. Not heroes of the front-line trenches were they, but members of field hospitals, ambulance units and other non-combatant branches of the service.
They were picked from a big batch of volunteers as the healthiest and huskiest specimens and best able to stand the long siege of fever it was believed that each little "cootie" carried around in his shooting apparatus. "Every shot a case of fever" was the belief of the doctors.
First to determine if the disease were a germ disease. The microscopes could detect no germs, but many of these are so small the finest glass cannot find them. So blood was taken from men with trench fever and injected into the veins of the volunteers. Out of thirty-four so treated with the blood or some of its constituents, taken from seven cases of trench fever, twenty-three developed the disease, while fifteen out of sixteen developed the disease when treated with the whole blood from trench fever cases.

Everybody Has "Cooties."
It was proved. Trench fever was a germ disease. But how transmitted? Everybody has "cooties." The trenches, from the commanding general to the rookie doughboy. It's the proper thing and it can't be done otherwise. It is discussed at the breakfast table and makes the ruling conversation at afternoon tea, and if your commanding general at review seems suddenly to twist his waist line in one direction and his shoulders in the other, a sympathetic giggle is likely to run down the line of the army for miles. Everybody's doing it.
Testing Fleurisy with Coins.
A novel method of diagnosing pleurisy is described by P. Lereboullet in the Paris Medical Journal. The examiner applies his ear to the patient's chest, closing his other ear, while coins are clicked at the patient's back. The sound of the coins coming through a healthy, normally aerated lung seems distant and dull, while through an affected lung, through solid or homogenous tissue, a clear, silvery metallic ring is heard.

AMUSEMENTS.
SOMETHING GOING TO HAPPEN ?
Saturday Night
JUNE 22
WATCH PAPERS

POLES LAST TIMES THIS WEEK
SHUBERT THEATRE
ATTRACTIONS 2:15 and 8:10
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"THE CHINESE PUZZLE"
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A New Play of Diplomacy, Love and Intrigue.
With an Excellent Cast including
Edward Everett, John Crowell,
Mrs. Rose Whital, Edward Purand,
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This play is presented at "The Playhouse," New York, and at the "New Theatre," London, By Sir Charles Wyndham.

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"SHE BURNED HER FINGERS"
BY COSMO HAMILTON
NEXT "ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES"

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Continues 12:30 A. M. to 1:15 A. M.
Mon., Aft., 10c. Night, 10c. 15c. 20c.
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MARY PICKFORD
In "How Could You, Jean?"

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FREE DANCING
Largest Pavilion South of New York and All Other Amusements
Steamship & Ferry Master
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